In Recital

Michelle Wylie, soprano

with
Judy Lowrey, piano

Saturday, March 9, 1996 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Se Florindo è fedele	Alessandro Scarlatti
Spesso vibra per suo gioco	(1659-1725)
Intorno all'idol mio (1649)	Marco Antonio Cesti
	(1618-1669?)
Il mio ben quando verrà (1784)	Giovanni Paisiello
	(1741-1816)
Se tu m'ami	Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
	(1710-1736)

Selections from **Op.1**	Fanny Hensel (Mendelssohn)
Schwanenlied	(1805-1847)
Wanderlied	
Gondellied	

From **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** (1816)	Gioacchino Antonio Rossini
Una voce poco fà	(1792-1868)

INTERMISSION

Selections from **Liederkreis, Op. 39** (1840)	Robert Schumann
In der Fremde	(1810-1856)
Waldesgespräch	
Die Stille	
Mondnacht	
Schöne Fremde	
In der Fremde	
Wehmut	
Zwielicht	
Frühlingsnacht	

Selections from **The Hermit Songs, Op. 29** (1953)	Samuel Barber
Crucifixion	(1910-1981)
Sea-Snatch	
The Monk and His Cat	
The Desire for Hermitage	
The Praises of God	

Translations

Se Florindo è fedele - If Florindo is faithful
If Florindo is faithful
I shall fall in love with him.
The quivered archer (Cupid)
may draw his bow,
I shall be able to defend myself
against a tempting glance.
I shall not listen
to prayers, tears and laments,
but if he is faithful
I shall fall in love with him.

Spesso vibra per suo gioco - For his amusement
For his amusement, the blindfolded boy
often pierces a humble breast
with golden darts,
a noble heart with iron arrows.
Then, amid the flames
of the burning dart,
languishing in vain,
one victim passes away
while another falls faint.

Intorno all'idol mio - Around to my beloved
Around to my beloved
gentle, pleasant breezes blow
and on his dear cheeks
kiss him for me, kind breezes.

To my beloved,
who sleeps on the wings of peace,
bring happy dreams
and reveal to him my hidden passion,
on my behalf, phantoms of love.

Il mio ben quando verrà - When my beloved comes
When my beloved comes
to see the sad sweetheart,
the sunny beach will be covered
with beautiful flowers.
But I do not see him,
alas, my beloved is not coming.

When he tells the breezes
of his passion and his lamenting,
gentle birds, he will teach you

Il mio ben quando verrà - When my beloved comes (continued)
a sweeter song.
But I do not hear him.
Who has heard him?
My beloved has fallen silent.

You, pitiful and weary echo
of my tears,
return to him and he will gently
ask for his bride.
Hush, he is calling me, hush, alas!
No, he is not calling me, o God,
he is not there

Se tu m'ami - If you love me
If you love me, kind shepherd,
if you sigh for me alone,
I am sorry for your suffering,
and am pleased by your love.
But if you think that I should
love only you in return,
shepherd boy,
you are easily deceived.

One day Silvia will choose
a lovely scarlet rose,
the next day she will scorn it
because of its thorn.
But I shall not follow
men's advice.
I shall not scorn other flowers
simply because I like lilies.

Op. 1:
Schwanenlied (Heine) - **Swan Song**
A star falls down
from its twinkling height,
It is the star of love
I see falling over there.

There fall from apple trees,
the white leaves so many
There comes the teasing breezes
and they play their games with them.

The swan sings in the pond,
and paddles to and fro,

Op. 1: (continued)
Schwanenlied (Heine) - **Swan Song**
and the singing becomes softer
as it dives into the watery grave.

It is so quiet and dark,
gone are leaf and blossom,
the star noisily disappears
past is the swan song.

Wanderlied (Goethe) - **Travel Song**
From the mountains to the hills,
down below along the valley,
there are sounds as if from wings,
there is movement as in song.

And the unconditional instinct
follows joy, follows advice,
and your striving be it in love
and your life be it the deed.

Stay not fastened to the ground,
newly risky, and newly outside,
head and arm with renewed strength
everywhere are they at home.

Where we are happy when the sun brings joy,
are free from every sorrow and worry,
since we ourselves scatter about,
therefore is the world so big.

Gondellied - Gondola Song
Oh come to me when through the night
wanders past the army of stars
then hovers with us in the moon's splendor
the gondola over the sea,

the air is soft like love's pain
softly plays the golden light of the moon
the zither sounds and moves your heart
with the joy in one.

This is for blessed love the hour,
dearly beloved oh come and look,
so peaceful shines the heaven all around
it sleeps the blue of the sea.

Gondellied - Gondola Song (continued)
And as it sleeps so speaks the glance,
what never the lip will speak
the eye and the soul do not
return back.

Una voce poco fà (Sterbini) - **A while ago**
A while ago
a voice resounded here in my heart
My heart is wounded already,
and it was Lindoro who wounded it.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine,
I swore it, I shall win.

My guardian will refuse,
I will sharpen my wits,
in the end he will quiet down,
and I shall be happy.

I am docile, I am respectful,
I am obedient, sweet, loving.
I allow myself to be ruled, I can be led.
But if they touch me where is my weakness,
I will be a viper, I will be.
And I shall spring a hundred traps
before I give in!

LIEDERKREIS (Joseph v. Eichendorff)
In der Fremde - In Foreign land
From my homeland, in the wake of red lightning
the clouds are drifting here,
but my father and mother are long dead,
no one knows me there any more.

How soon, oh how soon will the quiet time come
when I too will rest, and above me
rustles the lovely solitude of the woods,
and no one here will know me any more...

Waldesgespräch - Dialogue in the Woods
It is already late, it is already cold,
why do you ride on your own through the woods?
The wood is large, you are alone,
beautiful bride! I will take you home.

"Great is men's cunning and deceit,
with sorrow my heart has been broken,
the hunter's horn sounds here and yon,
Oh flee! You do not know who I am."

Waldesgespräch - Dialogue in the Woods (continued)
So richly adorned are horse and woman,
so wondrously fair,
so wondrously fair the young figure,
I know you now, may God help me!
You are the witch Lorelei!

"You know me well, from the rock on high
my castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold,
Nevermore will you leave this wood."

Die Stille - The Silence
No one knows and no one divines it,
how happy I feel, how happy!
Oh, if but one, but one knew it,
none other should ever know!

It is not as still outside in the snow,
as silent and as hushed
are not the stars above,
as the secret thoughts of mine.

I wish I were a little bird
flying over the sea,
right over the sea and further on,
Till in Heaven I would be!

Mondnacht - Moonlit Night
It seemed as if heaven
had silently kissed the earth,
so that earth in the shimmer of blossoms
could only dream of him.

The breeze blew over the fields,
the grain stalks gently surged,
the forests rustled softly,
so starbright was the night.

And my soul unfolded
its wings so wide,
flew over the silent lands
as if it were flying home.

Schöne Fremde - Beautiful Stranger
The tree-tops rustle and shiver,
as if at this hour
around the half-buried walls
the old gods were making the round.

Here behind the myrtle bushes,
in secret twilight splendour,
what confused words do you speak,
as in dreams,
to me, fantastic night!

The stars all sparkle on me
with a burning glance of love,
intoxicatedly the distance speaks,
as if speaking of great future happiness.

In der Fremde - In a Foreign Land
I hear the brooklets rushing
in the forest here and yon,
in the forest, midst the rushing,
I know not where I am.

The nightingales are singing
here in the solitude,
as if they wanted to tell
about the beautiful times past.

The moonbeams are flickering
as if I could see below
the castle lying in the valley,
yet it is so far away!

As if in the garden
filled with roses white and red,
my beloved must be waiting for me,
yet she has been so long dead...

Wehmut - Melancholy
Sometimes I may be singing
as if I were full of joy;
But secretly tears are flowing,
and then my heart feels free.

The nightingales will sing,
when spring breezes play outside,
the melody of yearning
from the depths of their prison.

Wehmut - Melancholy (continued)
Then all the hearts listen,
and everyone is glad,
yet none can feel the sorrows,
the bitter grief in the song.

Zwielicht - Twilight
Twilight is starts to spread its wings,
fearfully the trees are moving,
clouds drift by like heavy dreams,
what does all this dreading mean?

If you have a doe, your favorite,
let it not graze alone,
hunters roam in the woods, and blow their horns,
voices wander here and yon.

If you have a friend here below,
do not trust him at this hour,
though friendly with his eyes and lips,
he plots war in treacherous peace.

What today goes down so tired,
rises newly born tomorrow.
Many things are lost at night-time
take care, be watchful and alert!

Frühlingsnacht - Spring Night
Above the garden through the breezes
I heard birds of passage fly,
that means scents of spring are coming,
underfoot the blossoms start.

I would like to rejoice, to weep,
yet it seems to me it cannot be!
Ancient miracles shine again
with the moonlight in my room.

And the moon, the stars proclaim it,
and the wood murmurs it in a dream,
and the nightingales sing it:
"She is yours, she is your own!"

HERMIT SONGS
The Hermit Songs are settings on anonymous Irish texts of the eighth to thirteenth centuries written by monks and scholars, often on the margins of manuscripts they were copying - perhaps not always

HERMIT SONGS (continued)
meant to be seen by their Father Superiors. They are small poems, thoughts or observations and speak in straightforward, droll, and often surprisingly modern terms of the simple life these men led, close to nature, to animals and to God.

The Crucifixion
At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.

Ah, sore was the suff'ring borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake came upon His Mother.

Sea-Snatch
It has broken us, it has crushed us,
it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;

the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured
by crimson fire from Heaven.

The Monk and His Cat
Pangur, white Pangur,
how happy we are alone together,
Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eyes watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.

Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.

Pangur, white Pangur,
how happy we are alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Pangur, white Pangur,
how happy we are.

The Desire for Hermitage
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell
with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage
before the last pilgrimage to Death.

Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread
and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil
when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.

Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone,
alone I came into the world,
alone I shall go from it.

The Praises of God
How foolish the man
who does not raise his voice
and praise with joyful words,
as he alone can,
Heaven's High King.

To Whom the light birds
with no soul but air,
All day, ev'rywhere,
all day, ev'rywhere.
Laudation sing,
Laudation sing.